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Strollings in Song-Land.

BY

JAMES BRAINERD MORGAN,

Author of

“Song Sermons and Other Poems,” etc.



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To My Only Sister,
MRS. SARAH MCKOWN,
GERARDSTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA,
This little volume is inscribed with fraternal
love and gratitude.

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STROLLINGS - IN - SONGLAND.



STROLLINGS IN SONG-LAND.

ELLOEEN.

Tangled amid the waving grass the golden sun-
beams lay,
Scattered all o'er the emerald mead one sunny
summer day;
The blooming flowers upon the air their pleasant
perfume shed,
While every leaf did bend beneath the balmy
zephyr's tread.
The little rill that wandered by, did sparkle in
the light,
And rippled forth its merry songs of innocent
delight,
As o'er a well-worn, winding path that through
the meadows lay,
A gentle maiden, fair and glad, with springing
step did stray.

She was as graceful as the birds that warbled
songs of glee,
And lovely as the beauteous flowers that decked
the dewy lea;

Sweet as the music of the rill, her voice was
soft and clear,
As pleasant words in gentle tones did fall upon
the ear;
A soul of purity and truth looked ever frankly
through
The sparkling glances of her eye of clearest,
softest blue,
And for true loveliness and worth upon this
earth, I ween,
That few could equal, none surpass, the fair
young ELLOEEN.

Onward along the well-known path, with wild
flowers bending o'er,
And by the glistening rivulet's grassy, verdant
shore;
Now 'neath the golden's sun's bright smile, now
in the cooling shade,
That leafy trees cast o'er the path, her roving
footsteps strayed,
Until within a little nook, where fairies well
might hide,
Hidden almost by guardian hills that rose on
every side,

With woodbine clambering all around, a little
cottage white,
By sudden turning of the path appeared at once
to sight.

Within that humble cottage home, upon a bed
of pain,
Beneath the power of fell disease long had a
sufferer lain;
The cheering hope of health restored had weary
grown at last,
And with its pinions all adroop had from that
bosom passed.
No more upon that pallid cheek the rose of
health should bloom,
Or gleam of earthly life and joy unto that
dim eye come;
No more those feeble, fainting feet should wan-
der forth in glee,
Along the brooklet's grassy bank or o'er the
verdant lea.

With gentle touch fair ELLOEEN caressed the
aching brow,
And fondly spake in tender love, with accents
soft and low,

Sweet words of comfort and of cheer that came
like precious balm
Unto that weary, suffering heart, its sad unrest
to calm.
Full many days she thus had come, unfailing
and untired,
With thoughtful care, and bringing oft some
luxury desired.
Her gentle deeds of tender love bright beams of
comfort shed
Around the path those aged feet trod downward
to the dead.

Surely her care was well bestowed on one who
knew the worth
Of such true, Christian charity, so rarely found
on earth;
The glad light in the fading eye and the sinking
voice's tone
E'er told how dear that kindness was unto the
fast departing one.
And a great and sweet reward was in full mea-
sure paid,
Of inward peace and happiness, by Him who
long ago hath said:

When to give a cup of water in His name ye do
not refuse
To those who unto Him belong, your reward ye
shall not lose.

At length one early autumn morn, when shining
dewdrops bright
From the perfumed hearts of roses cast back
the new-born light—
The silver cord of life was loosed, the golden
bowl did break,
Free from all earth's sorrows the soul its heaven-
bound flight did take,
And in the mansions of the blest, before the
Great White Throne,
Amid the ransomed hosts, methinks the happy
saint made known
The kindly, Christlike deeds of one of rare and
precious worth,
Who'd cast the pearls of faithful love around
her path on earth.

O, may we all amid the scenes of earthly life
below,
About our varied daily paths with cheerful
spirits go;

By tender deeds of gentleness, and words of
peace and love,
Lay up unfading treasures in yon bright home
above,
Where moth and rust doth not corrupt, nor
thieves break through and steal,
But which shall there be ever safe when e'en
the earth shall fail.
So that when all our days and works shall be
completed here,
We'll go to reap the rich rewards of endless
blessing there.

BE GENTLE UNTO ALL.

Be gentle unto all—
 'Tis pleasanter far
To live with thy neighbor
 In peace than in war;
E'er do unto others
 As them ye'd have do,
And friendship's sweet flowers
 Your pathway shall strew.

Be gentle unto all—
 Kind words have a power
To cheer the sad bosom,
 As dewdrops the flower,
O, cast them about thee,
 Where'er thou dost go,
And pleasure the truest
 Thy own heart shalt know.

Be gentle unto all—
Oft dark anger yields
To the magic-like power
That gentleness wields;
A soft, quiet answer
The rising storm quells,
And gentleness wins,
Where harshness repels.

Be gentle unto all,
In thought, word and deed;
The comfort of kindness
All hearts often need;
Oh, why should we ever,
In anger or scorn,
By unkindness make
Another's heart mourn?

Be gentle unto all—
And the kindness ye show
In rich fullness again
Your own heart shall know;
Like doth produce like,
Where'er it doth fall;
Then if you'd live smoothly,
Be gentle to all.

A BROTHER'S BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

Amid sunshine and flowers thy birthday hath
come.

May sunshine and flowers be with thee for aye !
O'er life's earthly path thou hast traveled along,
While full fifty years have glided away;
The prints of their feet are now on thy brow,
The down of their wings appears on thy hair,
But all of them tell of victories won,
And to hearts of love still make thee more dear.

These fifty years have been changeful to thee,
As one by one they have hastened along;
They have rung in thy ears the varying notes
Of funereal dirge and glad nuptial song;
Love's sweetest blossoms they've gathered for
thee,
Have brought the sharp thorns of sorrow and
care;
Kindred's glad meetings thy hearthstone around,
A daughter's farewell to travel afar.

They have gathered rich treasures of wisdom
and mirth;
In the Past's great store-house, no vision can see
Save thine alone, when Memory comes
And opens the portal with bright, golden key;
Amid those fair treasures thy spirit may dream
Of the gladness of girlhood, so sunny and gay—
Of life's later years, unshadowed or dark,
That forms life's record e'en down to to-day.

The wings of old Time are never at rest,
Unceasing he flies 'long life's checkered way;
May he cast from his wings rich blessings to
thee
That brighter shall grow till life's latest day,
And when even he has grown weary and died,
May angels convey thy spirit in love,
Where eternity's cycles no shadows do fling
'Mid the sunshine and flowers of heaven above.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST DAY.

Of all the days that form life's span,
As here our mortal race we run—
Each perfect as when time began—
That come unto us one by one—
Rich with the morning's burnished gold,
The noontide's gleam, the evening's rest,
Which doth the purest joys enfold?
Which of them all is happiest?

O, when doth come life's happiest day?
Doth it appear with childish glee,
In life's bright morn, and pass away
Like some soft song of melody?
Or does it come when ardent youth
Looks bravely up with kindling eye,
Accepts Hope's prophecies as truth,
Nor sees a cloud in all life's sky.

Or does it come when the great sun,
 High in the zenith, shineth full,
When Fame's or Love's rare prize is won,
 And Fortune's gifts are prodigal ?
Or when the evening, calm and sweet,
 Sings its soft vespers to the heart,
And we, life's changeful course complete,
 Await the summons to depart ?

The happiest day of life, I trow,
 Is not confined to any age,
And no estate, nor high nor low,
 Can claim it as a heritage;
It dawneth fair for every one
 Who will its passing sweetness know, .
And walking 'neath its shining sun,
 Share in its gladness and its glow.

The happiest day of life is known
 When truest deeds of love are done,
Most kindness unto others shown,
 O'er self and sin most victories won;
'Tis these which give true joy, and make
 Our path through life a pleasant way,
And bring, when done for Christ's dear sake,
 Heaven's endless, happy day.

A SONG OF WINTER.

O, Winter has gaily come again,
With its store of pleasures rare,
And we would greet his frosty reign
With songs of hearty cheer;
And if we breathe a sad ah! ah!
That summer now is o'er,
We'll merrily trill a gay tra! la!
That winter's come once once more.

A mantle pure of sparkling snow
Is stretching far and wide,
As sleighers gay doth jocund go,
In jolly mirth to ride;
And oft there comes a glad ha! ha!
Floating the hilltops o'er,
While jingling sleighbells ring tra! la!
That winter's come once more.

And when we gather 'round the hearth,
Within our cheerful homes,
We'll share bright hours of joy and mirth,
Unknown till winter comes;
With merry songs and gay ha! ha!
The hours pass lightly o'er,
And every heart doth sing tra! la!
That winter's come once more.

O, winter has gaily come again,
From his frosty, frozen shore;
Warm hearts now join a glad refrain
To see him back once more.
Although we sigh a sad ah! ah!
That summer now is o'er,
We merrily trill a gay tra! la!
That winter's come once more.

THE BEAUTY OF THE HEART.

A lovely form may charm the eye,
With fairest comeliness and grace,
And oft we are attracted by
The witching beauty of a face;
But there's a beauty far more true,
Whose pleasing charms shall ne'er depart,
But every morn and eve be new—
It is the beauty of the heart.

Beneath the weight of passing years
The proudest form must stoop and bend,
All outward forms that beauty wears
Must fade away and have an end;
The sparkling light will leave the eye,
And from the cheek the bloom depart,
But there's a charm that ne'er shall die—
It is the beauty of the heart.

This beauty scatters o'er life's path
The gems of happiness and truth,
And many charms in age it hath,
As in the rosy bloom of youth;
A charm that wreathes the earth with
flowers,
And doth the sweetest joys impart,
And brightly gilds life's weary hours—
The fadeless beauty of the heart.

THE PARTING.

Farewell, old coat ! For many months
We've jogged along life's way together;
I've found thee e'er a friend indeed,
That did not change with change of weather.
Through weal and woe, 'mid sun and storm,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
Thou'st shielded me with ready web,
And kindly didst my form enfold.

Farewell, old coat ! I love thee yet,
Old as thou art, threadbare and gray,
More truly than the sleekest coat
That dandies sport on life's Broadway;
A thousand pleasant memories rise
Within my heart at sight of thee,
Of halcyon days, when hope and joy
Composed life's precious argosy.

Farewell, old coat! Let others scorn,
If so disposed, and say you're old;
'Tis true; yet old friends are the best,
And age is venerable, I'm told;
We've shared too many ups and downs,
Have known each other far too well,
To part because a stranger sneers,
Or without sadness say farewell.

Farewell, old coat! 'Mid checkerd scenes
Which form life's record here below—
Where bridal vows were softly breathed,
Where burial prayers were uttered low—
Where meeting gladness filled the heart,
Where parting hours were dim with tears—
Where Hope her golden censer swung
And flashed a radiance o'er the years—

The busy city's jar and hum,
Its crowded pave and thronged mart,
Where haughty wealth rolls proudly by,
And poverty wears out the heart—
The pleasant country's fairer scenes,
Its blooming dells and fragrant heather,
Its cordial friendships, heathful joys,
We long have passed and stuck together;

Farewell, old coat! The cruel sun
Hath sadly changed thy once rich hue,
Frayed are thy edges and alas!
A hole or two appears to view;
Thou might'st be mended, but 'twere hard
To find the cloth with thine to match,
Forced unions are not good, and, too,
"A hole wears longer than a patch."

Farewell, old coat! Were language thine,
Thou could'st a varied tale reveal,
Of thrilling aspirations high,
Of glowing thought and burning zeal—
Of sad heartaches—of inward joys—
Of dreamings far too bright to last—
Of lofty hopes, of doubts and fears—
Which ne'er beyond thy warm folds passed.

Farewell, old coat! Thou art a type
Of what our mortal bodies are,
On which we lavish so much thought,
And cherish with such loving care;
Like thee, they will grow old and fade,
Despite our utmost love and pride,
Until at last within the grave
The wornout garb is laid aside.

Farewell, old coat ! To don a new
I sadly lay thee now away;
Thou'st served me well and much I grieve
To see the ending of thy day;
Thou hast grown old and thin and gray,
I know 'tis more my fault than thine,
And real comfort now demands
That I should thy embrace resign.

Farewell, old coat ! I breathe a sigh
To think I'll feel thy clasp no more,
Shielding my form in sun and storm,
As in the changeful days of yore;
I've worn thee long, I love thee well,
For all that thou to me hast been;
I lay thee by, but in my heart
Thy memory shall long be green.

IT ALWAYS PAYS.

It always pays,
'Mid blame or praise,
To do the right, whate'er betide,
'Though worldly wisdom may deride,
The right at last is sure to win
The victory over wrong and sin.

It always pays,
On brightest days,
To heed the truth that clouds oft rise
And darken e'en the sunniest skies;
So for a change in time prepare,
No life is ever bright and fair.

It always pays,
On darkest days,
When troublous cares and deep distress
On every side about us press,
When fortune and false friends depart,
To labor on with dauntless heart.

It always pays
To tread the ways
Of duty, purity and truth,
In childhood, age and blooming youth;
All such, to faith and virtue true,
Are blest, 'though skies be black or blue.

It always pays,
On all our days,
To seek the light and do our best,
As conscience dictates in the breast,
And heaven's smile will crown our ways
If thus we act—it always pays.

MURMUR NOT.

Oh ! murmur not, 'though life seems dark,
And gloomy clouds enshroud the sky,
Be strong in hope and light will mark
With brighter beams the bye-and-bye.

Oh ! murmur not, 'though often here
Should trials unto thee be given;
The crosses that we rightly bear
But brighter make the crowns in heaven.

Oh ! murmur not, 'though those you love
Should faithless prove when sorrow lowers,
If you but trust, there's One above
Who changes not in darkest hours.

Oh ! murmur not, that fairest flowers
That wreathe thy life should fade and die,
Such loss amid earth's sin-stained bowers,
Doth make a brighter crown on high.

Oh ! murmur not, for over all
Is one who knows each life full well,
Who marks each little sparrow's fall,
And ever "doeth all things well."

Oh ! murmur not. With hope and strength
Thy crosses bear and ills endure;
Tread duty's path and know at length
The day of full reward is sure.

MY VALLEY HOME.

I've wandered far away from thee,
Valley Home, my Valley Home,
O'er mountain, river, hill and lea,
Valley Home, my Valley Home.
Yet oft in loving fealty
My thoughts go gladly back to thee,
And precious is thy memory,
Valley Home, my Valley Home.

Famed Potomac's glittering tide,
Valley Home, my Valley Home,
Doth proudly 'long thy borders glide.
Valley Home, my Valley Home,
Tall, towering mountains in great pride
Guard thee in love upon each side,
And matchless beauties 'bout thee bide.
Valley Home, my Valley Home,

The shock of war, the cannon's roar,
Valley Home, my Valley Home,
Where brave men met, have echoed o'er
Valley Home, my Valley Home,
I'm prouder of and love thee more,
For richer in historic lore
Art thou than any land before,
Valley Home, my Valley Home,

Thy rocks and rills and dells I love,
Valley Home, my Valley Home,
Thy mountains grand and shady groves,
Valley Home, my Valley Home.
O, wheresoe'er my footsteps rove,
Fond ties about my heartstrings wove
Doth bind to thee with deathless love,
Valley Home, my Valley Home.

Thy children's hearts are warm, sincere,
Valley Home, my Valley Home;
Thy sons are brave, thy daughters fair,
Valley Home, my Valley Home;
With thine no people can compare,
May choicest blessing man knows here,
Be richly theirs, now and fore'er,
Valley Home, my Valley Home.

To thee I fondly hope to come,
Valley Home, my Valley Home,
There to renew the joys I've known.
Valley Home, my Valley Home,
'Mid thee my race of life to run,
'Mid thee to rest when life is done,
Thou fairest land beneath the sun,
Valley Home, my Valley Home.

AT THE ALTAR.

Upon this fair, auspicious day,
Bright, beaming joys arise,
As mortal lives are linked for aye
In wedlock's holy ties.

With tender trust fond vows are breathed,
No shadow now appears,
Sweet Hope with garlands fair has wreathed
The smiling future years.

Oh ! may thy hearts, while here below
Thy paths run side by side,
Retain the gladness and the glow
Of bridegroom and of bride.

May Joy its snowy pinions fold
Where'er thy home shall be,
And Fortune's jewel'd chalice hold
No bitter draught for thee !

TO SPRING'S FIRST MINSTREL.

Sweet musical warbler, first minstrel of spring,
With joyous surprise now thy coming I greet,
As thou dost fling upon the cool, matin air
A full leaping flood of soft melody sweet;
The sunbeams of morning that tip thy slight
wings,
And are shattered the tree's laced branches
among,
Seem filled with strange wonder and delight as
they meet
Thy clear, liquid notes of mellifluous song.

Like delicate ruffles the spotless snow lies
Along the fencerows, on the shady hillside,
King Winter still lingers with lowering skies,
And clings to his throne with an obstinate pride;
But thy song is full of rich promises true
Of bonnie blue skies, bursting buds and sweet
flowers,
Of the beautiful spring, virgin queen of the year,
Who's making her way to this region of ours.

O, brave little wanderer, I fear that too soon
You have left the fair land of blossoms and
vines.

That cruel Jack Frost will treat you unkindly
For venturing so soon within his drear lines;
But should he presume to e'er reprimand thee,
To stop thy free flight or do thee a wrong,
Then come and receive safe protection with me.
Or melt his cold heart with a sweet, happy song.

A glad cordial welcome to thee I do give,
Mistrust not my friendship, 'tis earnest and free;
A wish in my rhymings for thee I would twine,
As thou hast so joyously warbled for me.
May the tall, graceful tree on which thou dost
sing,
Soon be filled with green leaves to curtain thy
nest,
Where thou may'st repose, 'mid the pause of thy
songs,
As the summers soft zephyrs shall rock thee to
rest.

.

A GOLDEN HOPE.

When fragrant flowers shall stand again
In blooming beauty o'er the plain,
Again shall robe, through sunny day,
Dingle and hill in bright array.
My heart shall be with deep joy filled,
My soul with truest pleasure thrilled,
And life be but a song of glee,
For then thou'rt coming back to me.

How sweet and bright will be the day,
When wintry storms have passed away!
How full of gladness and of mirth.
When spring shall come again to earth!
My eager eyes in shining hours
Will closely search for buds and flowers,
For when they stand upon the plain
To me thou'rt coming back again.

Oh ! may the hours all swiftly fly—
The days in quick succession die—
The weeks and months in rapid flight,
Fleet o'er the earth on wings of light,
Until the happy hour shall come
When I shall greet thee at my home,
And purest joys shall live again,
When blooming flowers stand o'er the plain.

THANKS FOR HOPE.

I am thankful I can hope —CHAS. W. McKOWN.

Well may we give true thanks for Hope,
That constant comforter of man.
A bright-faced friend whose winsome smiles
Gladdens the heart throughout life's span.

•

When shadows fall o'er heart and home,
When fortune frowns and all is drear,
New strength and courage to us come
As Hope's enlivening voice we hear.

When life is bright 'neath cloudless skies,
And blessings full and sweet abound,
Hope whispers with alluring tones
Of futures yet more richly crowned.

•

'Mid all the changeful scenes of earth,
Hope fondly nestles in man's heart,
And with bright prophecies of good
Doth comfort, joy and peace impart.

When strength departs and health is gone,
And death's dark shadows 'round us rise,
Hope lingers still and points the way
To fairer scenes beyond the skies.

SUMMER NIGHT MUSINGS.

O, soft and sweet is the evening air,
The perfumed breeze floats by,
And gentle Luna, bright and fair,
Smiles kindly from a cloudless sky;
Beneath her glance the dewdrops bright,
Like gleaming pearls about my feet,
Are shining with her silvery light
In the hearts of roses sweet.

Beneath these star-gem'd skies so fair,
Caressed by zephyrs soft and light,
My heart drinks in the beauty rare
Of this lovely summer night;
And sitting here in solitude,
I yield unto its wondrous control;
As in a quiet, musing mood,
Sad, solemn thoughts steal o'er my soul.

How many millions like to me,
Have watched night's empress, fair and pale,
Shed forth her soft light beauteously
O'er limpid wave and verdant dale!
And on sweet, dewy eves ago,
Have marked with tender, loving eyes,
Those sparkling stars as one by one
They strolled out on the deep blue skies.

Those eyes long since have closed below,
And ne'er again these scenes shall view;
The hearts that oft did warmly glow
With love and adoration true,
As they watched yon planets roll,
And read the lessons that they taught,
Of truth and power unto the soul,
Have passed away and been forgot.

But yon fair moon and stars so bright
Yet move in beauty through the sky,
And give as fair and pure a light
As when they first were placed on high.
The balmy breeze is just as mild,
The flowers the self-same perfume give,
'Though millions that have wept and smiled
Amid their charms have ceased to live.

So will it be when I am gone,
And in the grave's deep silence rest;
The busy world will still move on,
With its toil and song and jest;
Other fond eyes will view these skies,
Other glad hearts with pleasure glow,
The flowers will wear the same bright dyes,
The same mild zephyrs softly blow.

Oh ! who will care that one wave more,
Unnoticed 'mid the sea's grand chime,
Doth break upon the shadowy shore
That forms the boundary of time !
'Tis but the common fate of all,
Whate'er their station, fame or power,
To each the sombre bier and pall
Must come at the appointed hour.

Yet far beyond those bending skies
There is a land all bright and fair,
And though this mortal body dies,
My nobler part shall live fore'er.
So may I spend earth's hastening hours
That I shall live in endless day
When moon and stars, sweet birds and flowers
Have passed forevermore away.

“PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.”

O. reader friend, pray now attend,
To this old maxim lend an ear,
As o'er the tide of life you glide
Be ever careful how you steer,
And if the sky be black or blue,
Ever “paddle your own canoe.”

Let none beside be left to guide
Your vessel o'er life's mighty main,
Lest in the hour when storm-clouds lower
You find your trust in them prove vain;
For oft are false those we deem true,
Be strong and “paddle your own canoe.”

Though some mistakes you chance to make,
Yet such errors you may retrieve,
And 'tis better far at times to err
Than be pinn'd to another's sleeve;
So all thy checkered voyage through,
Be wise and “paddle your own canoe.”

With hand of care and conscience clear,
Looking for light and strength above,
With spirit strong to stem the wrong,
And heart all filled with hope and love—
With honor high and valor true,
Do right and "paddle your own canoe."

And when at last you shall have passed
Life's smooth or boisterous ocean o'er,
O, may you land upon the strand
Where storms and troubles are no more,
And in the haven of pleasure true,
Safely anchor your own canoe.

THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN,

How lovely is yon mountain now,
To our fond, admiring eyes,
Arrayed from base to loftiest brow
In gorgeous robes of autumn dyes !

Like to a monarch richly drest,
It towers aloft in regal pride;
An emerald crown upon its crest,
And countless beauties deck each side.

The lofty oak and pine tree green,
The late wild flower with fragrance fraught,
The dark blue rocks, the rills' bright sheen,
Are all in witching beauty wrought.

ONE LITTLE YEAR.

One little year has flitted by,
My bonnie wife, since you and I
 Together at love's altar stood—
Since the beauteous bud of hope
Burst into flower, and life's fair cup
 Was brimmed with full beatitude.

One little year, whose jeweled hours,
Enwreathed with joy's unsullied flowers.
 Have glided laughingly along;
Each strengthening love's golden chain.
And adding still a sweeter strain
 Unto life's thrilling anthem-song.

One little year, how swift its flight !
Its record, beautiful and bright,
 We now with thankfulness review:
Hope's glad fruition it did bring,
And o'er life's path did ever fling
 Rich blessings bountiful and true.

How much of happiness and glee,
Of heart-content, from sorrow free,
 This little year to us hath brought !
With argosies of beauty rare,
And treasures choice, beyond compare,
 Each happy, hast'ning day was fraught.

Should seasons of distress and woe,
As mortal man must often know,
 By fortune's changes come to me,
Thy sunny smiles shall gladden still,
For every sorrow, every ill,
 I'll find an antidote in thee.

One little year of beauty bright,
Of love and song and sweet delight,
 Has flitted rapidly away;
Oh ! may it but an earnest be
Of brighter ones we yet shall see
 Within the smiling future's day.

FLOWERS,

The lovely flowers, so sweet and so fair,
Are blooming in beauty o'er hilltop and dell,
Filling with fragrance the soft, summer air,
And teaching bright lessons no tongue can e'er
tell.

They talk to our hearts of virtue and truth,
Of innocence, gentleness, purity, love,
And point old age and glad, hopeful youth,
To their own native clime, fair heaven above.

How bright do they seem when morning's pure
beam

O'er their beautiful heads is lovingly shed,
And on their soft leaves sparkling dewdrops do
gleam,

Like diamonds set in a rose-tinted bed !
And when o'er the earth eve's dark shadows
creep,

How charmingly fair are they then to the sight,
As their soft eyes are closing so calmly to sleep
Beneath starry skies through the short summer
night.

O, is there one heart so callous and cold,
That sometimes does not, 'mid life's weary
hours,

Turn from its worship of self and of gold,
To love and admire the dear, precious flowers,

Ever to me they've a power to impart
Rare pleasures the purest that earth can bestow,
To fill with deep gladness my fond, loving heart,
For "my soul doth love and admire them so."

Should sadness and sorrow mark the dark
hours,
And trouble and care be my portion below,
Yet all is not gloom while the sweet, guileless
flowers
Their cheering influence about me doth throw.

And when upon earth my life's work is done,
'Twould be a source of enjoyment to know
That over my grave, though lowly and lone,
Sweet flowers in their grace and beauty should
grow.

THE STREAM BY WHICH I PLAYED.

The stream by which I played,
In boyhood's golden day,
Still glitters through the glade,
Along its winding way:
Its waters gleam as bright,
As sparkingly they flow,
Their song is soft and blithe,
As in the long ago.

The Day-King did delight
To gild its limpid sheen,
A silver ribbon bright,
'Mid grasssy banks of green;
The graceful willow tree,
With yellow garlands drest,
Bowed down in friendly glee
To kiss the crystal crest.

The balmy breezes oft
Did o'er it love to play,
Dimpling with fingers soft,
And tossing the light spray;
Each leaping wave that curled
In beauty on the air,
With jewels was impearled
When sunbeams lingered there.

A host of memories throng
In pleasing guise today,
As now I stroll along
Old Mill Creek's winding way;
Into the heart they steal,
With a full tide of joy,
Making me almost feel
Myself again a boy.

Full oft in boyish glee
Unto its banks I've sped,
With pants rolled to the knee,
Have waded o'er its bed,
And when bare feet I've splashed
To make the white foam run,
Each little wave so dashed
Seemed giggling at the fun.

What happy times I've known,
With sense of skill impress'd.
As pebbles smooth I've thrown
To skip along the crest,
And make the ripples ride,
Half a score or more,
In circles far and wide,
Till shattered on the shore.

For long, still hours I've sat,
Till patience perished quite,
Tempting with fitting bait
The cautious fish to bite;
Or with some pleasing book,
Or caught in Somnus net,
Time, place, and fish and hook,
And self I would forget.

O, golden boyhood's day !
O, care-free long ago !
Ye quickly passed away,
E'en like the streamlet's flow.
But while its waters run,
'Mid mead or woodland shade,
The joys by it I've known
From memory cannot fade.

I've roved by singing streams,
Aud rivers grand along,
But none so brightly gleams,
Or sings so sweet a song
As the stream by which I played
In boyhood's golden day,
That glitters through the glade,
Along its winding way.

THE SUNNY DAY.

The day is warm and bright and cheery,
It shines and the light is never dreary;
The roses bloom where the sunbeams fall,
Giving sweet joy and fragrance to all,
And the day is bright and cheery.

My life is warm and bright and cheery,
It shines, and the light is never dreary.
My thoughts recall glad scenes of the past,
Around the future fair hopes are cast,
And the day is bright and cheery.

Be glad, my heart, and still be singing,
Rejoice in all that time is bringing,
Though care and sorrow come to all,
Into each life rich blessings fall,
And the days are bright and cheery.

A FIRESIDE CHANT.

The flowers of summer have faded,
The long, sunny days are now o'er,
And winter snow-mantled and frosty,
Has come forth to greet us once more,

The soft, balmy breezes have left us,
The blast is now bitter with cold,
And snowflakes like phantoms are flying
In wildness o'er woodland and wold.

But though cold storms may now gather,
And the air be biting and keen.
We'll draw up around the warm hearth,
And still have sweet summer within.

The voice of sweet laughter shall gladden,
As lightly it falls on the ear,
The smile of affection shall brighten,
And each heart true pleasure shall share.

The glad, merry song shall resound,
And tones of fond friendship shall fall.
Sweet enjoyment shall garland the hours.
And peace fold its wings over all.

Then, though the sky may be darkened.
The winds be all piercing and keen,
And without be the coldest of winter,
We'll still keep sweet summer within.

ALBUM DEDICATION.

Go, little album, gather beauties rare,
And bind upon thy pages fair,
 Sweet messages of love,
That oft with happiness shall cheer
Thy owner's heart when all is drear,
 And richest blessings prove.

Go, and from Poesy's fair stores
Cull brighter gems and richer ores
 Than Ophir's mines e'er knew;
Gather the gayest flowers of wit,
Fond love's warm words, and tokens sweet
 Of pure affection true.

Go! and as no ruthless hand shall dare
To pen upon thy pages fair
 False friendship's treacherous vow,
So may the passing years ne'er bring
To thy owner's heart one grief, nor fling
 A shadow o'er her brow.

“LIVE FOR ME.”

Dark. gloomy clouds did veil life's sky,
And hid each ray of cheerful light;
My troubled spirit prone did lie,
 Wrapped in the shades of sorrow's night;
My heart was filled with deep despair,
 Forsaken, sad and all forlorn;
The earth seemed but a desert drear,
 And life scarce worthy to be borne.

But, coupled with a cherished name,
 Bearing new light and joy to me,
Upon the written page there came
 This little message: “Live for me.”
Then from my heart the shadows fled,
 Beamed o'er my path a rosy ray,
And faith and hope that but seemed dead,
 Trilled forth again a cheering lay.

These tender words, so short and plain,
Came unto me with magic power,
They nerved my heart with strength again
To battle through the darkest hour;
I felt that life had still a charm
That from dark care my soul could woo,
And that my mind, my heart and arm
Had still a mission here to do.

And so have all some useful part
To play upon life's active stage;
A power to cheer some lonely heart,
Some joy to give or grief assuage;
Then, weary brother, ne'er despair,
Nor think that life is vain to thee,
For some fond heart, with faith sincere,
May now be bidding: "Live for me."

A THOUGHT.

'Twas born in a moment, but what mortal can
tell

The wonderful power, the magical spell,
Which over the mind of man it doth hold,
Unpurchased by wealth, more potent than gold.
'Twas born in a moment, and from its dim home
In the mind's deep cell it brightly did come,
To break the dark bands of passion and error,
Make honor and duty shine fairer and clearer,
Until, led by its power and sweetness along,
The world should awake to pleasure and song.

'Twas born in a moment, but when shall it die?
When the cheek shall grow pale and sunken
the eye?

When the hand that penned it shall moulder in
dust,

As moulder ere long it certainly must?

Ah, no ! but its cheering and musical chime
Shall echo and ring through the aisles of all time,
Through the dark, dusty corridors of swift roll-
ing years,

Undimmed it shall linger when earth disappears.
Thought is immortal, and when time is no more
Its fruit shall be seen on eternity's shore.

TO A LOVED ONE GONE BEFORE.

Thou art gone ! Death's all-triumphant sword
Hath crossed thy path and loosed the silver cord
Of thy young life and called thee hence
In all thy blooming youth and innocence.
Heaven claimed its own, and 'twas not strange
that thou should'st die,
Each grace of mind and heart had marked thee
for the sky.
Love could not shield thee from the cruel dart,
Else it would ne'er have pierced thy guileless
heart,
Nor beauty nor high gifts nor hopes could save
Thee from the cruel, selfish grave.

Thou art gone ! Oh, how sad the thought !
The hours are now with sorrow fraught,
And all the world seems dark and drear
Since thy dear presence ceased to cheer.
Thou art gone ! But still our souls do meet and
mingle with thine own,
Around our hearts thy memory sweet doth cling
like softest tone
Of gentle music and shall ever be
A talismanic melody.

Thou art gone ! The morn of thy young lovely
life is palled !
Away from earthly care and pain thy gentle
spirit has been called,
And borne by angel wings to a brighter, happier
shore,
There to meet thy loved ones who've gained the
crown before;
Who stand with songs within that happy land.
And smiling bid thee join their loving band,
While sister spirits sweetly bid thee come,
And seraphs guide thee to their sinless home.
To share with them their blest abode,
And the sweet presence of a smiling God.

Thou art gone ! But in the shining realms of
bliss
Angelic hosts have met thee with a smile and
kiss,
And there forever shalt thou rest,
'Mid all the holy and the blest,
While heavenly pleasures 'round thee roll,
And joys celestial fill thy soul.
"An amaranthine chaplet wreathes thy pearly
brow,"
Attendant angels stand and wait upon thee now.
And cull for thee ambrosial joys above,
And fadeless pleasures in the courts of love.

Thou art gone! And though we ne'er shall meet
again

In this dark world of sorrow, care and pain,
Yet we shall meet upon a happier shore,
When this "vain parade of life" is o'er;
In that bright home beyond the sky,
Where parting tears ne'er dim the eye—
Where sorrow's sun has never shone,
And farewell is a word unknown,
Where naught fond spirits e'er shall sever—
There we shall meet and live forever.

THE OPENING DAY.

The gold-dust of the opening day
Is strewn along the eastern sky,
Bright rosy beams of new-born light
Over the earth in beauty fly;
The silver stars that for long hours
Of darkness kept their vigils true,
Withdraw their guard and sink to rest
Behind a canopy of blue.

The seals of slumber once more break,
As morning light salutes our eyes;
With heart and mind and frame refreshed,
With vigor new may we arise,
And through the shining hours that mark
The passage of this fair, new day,
Go gladly forth to do or be,
Wherever duty points the way.

While day's bright hours are with us here,
To useful labor may we go.
And as our record of their flight
True thoughts and worthy actions show;
For they are passing swiftly by,
And from earth will soon be gone,
Then shall come the shadowed night,
When no labor can be done.

THE CLOSING DAY.

Again the sun has sought his couch,
And hid his rosy, beaming light,
Now once more the darkened shadows
Fall from the sable wings of night.
Another day has quickly fled
To join the centuries gone before,
Bearing all its joys and sorrows
To the past's dim, mystic shore.

Let us pause while now the shadows
Doth gather o'er each hill and dell,
And ponder what is now the record
This day before the throne doth tell.
Is it one all bright and glorious
With gentle deeds of peace and love,
Or have sinful words and actions
Formed the record borne above?

Have we written o'er its pages
Bright, sweet records that long shall live,
That in future days shall bless us,
And lasting joy and comfort give?
Or shall it bear forevermore,
Through all the weary, coming years,
Dark records that we'd fain efface
With many bitter, bitter tears.

Full soon along the eastern sky
Shall come the golden morning light,
And another day shall brighten,
Triumphant o'er the reign of night.
So let us live that when 'tis gone,
And doth fade its latest ray,
Approving conscience shall reward us,
And heaven's smile rest on our way.

WHO'LL BE A FRIEND TO ME?

Amid the checkered scenes of life,
Of calm repose or raging strife,
Of sadness or of glee—
When pleasure's wreath is o'er me thrown.
Or when my heart is sad and lone.
Who'll be a friend to me ?

Who with friendship, fond and true.
My path of life will gladly strew
With flowers sweet and rare;
And when all others turn aside
With looks of coldness and of pride,
Will ever prove sincere ?

O, who with sweet and witching power
Will to life's sad or shining hour
A rare enchantment lend ?
Who will my sorrows care to share,
And e'er entitled be to bear
The hallowed name of friend.

Whose loving word and gentle smile,
Will every passing day beguile

With dearest joys below ?

And when dark, gloomy clouds arise,
Will point me still to smiling skies—

The silver lining show ?

Who my halting feet will guide
Through whatever may betide,

In this cold world of care ?

Who will lead me in the right,

O'er smiling valleys, fair and bright,

Or deserts dark and drear ?

And when life's close at length draws near,
O ! who will be the loved one dear

Shall then sad vigils keep ?

Who will receive my parting sighs,

O ! who will close my weary eyes

In death's long, dreamless sleep ?

THE MEETING OF THE YEARS.

Another year has run its course,
And having filled its mission here,
Hath sunk to its eternal sleep
With all the countless years
Beyond the flood. Its days and weeks
Are lying cold and still
Along the path of time. They all
Have filled their places in the line
And passed forevermore away.
The records they have borne of us
Must stand unchanged. The worthy deeds,
If any such there were, with joy
May be reviewed; the wrong shall mar
Our future happiness, unless
The bitter tears of penitence
Shall fall upon the crimson stains of sin
And wash them out forever.

And now
The glad new year, in bridal robes
Of beauty and of light
To us hath come. Rich promises
Fill both its hands, and rosy hopes
Do cluster 'round its brow and cast
A cheering light along the path
It here must tread.

At this auspicious hour—
This solemn meeting of the years—
Now when the Old and New have met
And kissed, and morning stars do sing
The advent of another year,
In mercy sent unto our earth,
'Tis fitting mortal man should pause
In earnest thought,

E'en like a dream,
Or tale that's told, the vanish'd year
Hath passed away. But while it sped,
Alternate light and shadow fell
Athwart our paths, like changeful moods
Of April day. The sky, at times,
Did bend in smiles, serenely fair,
And from its azure depths the sun
Of prosperous peace shone forth

With undimmed light; within our hearts
Song-birds have nestled close
And waked sweet harmonies; flowers
Around our way have softly shed
The sweetest odors, and life seemed
A glorious heritage. Anon
The clouds of sorrow gathered thick,
And over all the radiant scene
Their sombre shadows cast.
The sky grew black, the cruel winds
Soughed sadly by, and at their touch
The flowers of hope and joy grew pale,
And from our hearts and homes
The light departed,

Rich benisons
Have come to all, and every heart
Has shared in good. But not alone
When prosperous gales did fill the sails,
And the sea was smoothe and calm
Were precious gifts bestowed. Often
In deep disguise the blessing comes.
In darksome mine the jewel lurks,
So from the providence that seems
The most adverse the soul oft gains
Its richest legacies and plumes its wings
To loftiest flight of joy.

Before us now
The new year stands. Its pages fair
Are all unwritten still. To us
Doth come the work of penning there
The record of our lives. Our thoughts,
Our words and deeds shall make
The entries there, as fateful hours
Speed swiftly by. The past has gone
Beyond recall. Oh ! may we all
Learn well the lessons it hath left,
And in the new year's volume fair
Avoid the blots that mar the old,
And multiply the worthy deeds
That have been written there.

TO A BRIDE.

Fair friend in summer's golden hours,
Upon thy bridal eve I'd bring
True friendship's votive offering.
May smiling pleasure's thornless flowers
E'er strew thy path, as through the bowers
Of life thou goest; may joy-bells ring
Within thy heart, and true love fling
A fadeless radiance o'er life's hours.
May every star in hope's bright bow,
That cheers with promise bright,
E'er in unshadowed beauty glow,
Till in fruition's fuller light
It melts away, as on day's brow
Doth pale the silver stars of night.

SONG OF THE WIND.

Gaily and gladly forth I come
Wandering away from my unseen home
Flying on pinions, light and free,
Over the earth and over the sea.
A thousand freaks I merrily play,
As I haste along my roving way:
Whispering amid the forest trees,
Sighing in the summer breeze,
Flying on the dashing gale
Through the flower-scented vale;
Through the bustling city street,
Over the country, fair and sweet,
Dancing o'er the green-clad hills,
Wreathing with curls the silver rills,
Bowing the heads of golden grain,
As freely I wander o'er the plain;
Playing a merry hide-and-seek
With blushes on the maiden's cheek,
As 'neath my kiss they come and go,
Tossing her curls from brow of snow,

Snatching soft rose-leaves from the stem.
With breezy fingers carrying them,
Tossing them about in merry play,
Till tired I grow, then flying away,
Catching the kite of the playful boy.
Filling his little heart with joy,
Driving the clouds in gladsome glee.
Chasing their shadows o'er the lea,
Sipping bright dewdrops on the heath,
With fragrant flowers scenting my breath.
Dancing o'er the river's breast,
Lashing its waves to wild unrest.
Thus freely I wander where I will,
With none to curb or to keep me still.
Now rushing in wildest fury along,
Now soft as the close of vesper song,
Now sad as the wail of dark despair,
Now joyous and gay as a Highland air.
Unfettered I go o'er brakes and bowers.
O'er northern snows and southern flowers:
On viewless wings I come and I go,
So my fairy home seek not to know,
My dwelling-place you never can find,
For none have seen the roving wind.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

When thou art near, o'er all my soul
A sparkling stream of joy is poured;
The fleeting moments as they roll,
Are each with truest pleasures stored,
When thou art near.

When thou art near, no shade of sadness
Can ever fall from sorrow's wing;
Its sweetest songs of joy and gladness
My happy heart doth ever sing,
When thou art near.

When thou art near, not e'en one thought
In quest of good doth wish to roam;
It seems to me the world hath brought
Its choicest treasures to my home,
When thou art near.

When thou art near I seem to know
All of sweet bliss the world can hold;
My life is wreathed with pleasure's glow,
With truest happiness untold,
When thou art near.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER,

Unfurl the temperance banner.
And let it proudly wave,
O'er hilltop and in valley,
From rum's dark curse to save,
Bid tempted youth and manhood
Beneath its folds to haste,
If they the drunkard's sorrow
And shame would never taste.

Unfurl the temperance banner,
With bright hopes blazoned o'er.
Sad hearts, long sunk in darkness,
Rejoice in hope once more;
The claims of truth and duty,
And precious joys of home,
Grow strong with love and beauty
Wherever it doth come.

Unfurl the temperance banner,
And bear it bravely on,
With dauntless hope and courage,
Till victory is won;
Unfurl the temperance banner,
With earnest song and prayer,
And in its spotless beauty,
'Twill triumph everywhere.

A WISH FOR THEE.

In life's bright morn, when the rosy glow
Of youth upon thy path appears,
And smiling hope's bright, beauteous bow
Doth sweetly span the coming years;
When life is like a merry song,
And 'round thy pathway thickly throng
Sweet pleasures rich and rare,
May smiling skies e'er bend above thee,
And faithful friends who fondly love thee,
Thy spirit sweetly cheer.

When life's noontide sun is beaming
In bright effulgence o'er thy way,
And thou, past the age of dreaming,
Art nobly mingling in its fray,
When 'mid the scenes of human life,
Of active duties, toils and strife,
Thy portion thou dost bear,

May smiling skies e'er bend above thee,
And faithful friends who fondly love thee,
Thy spirit sweetly cheer.

And when the shades of closing life
Are o'er thy pathway thickly cast,
When youthful hopes and manhood strife
Are garnered with the mighty past;
When life's curfew bell is ringing,
And each feeble breath is bringing
The last, sad parting here,
May smiling skies e'er bend above thee,
And faithful friends who fondly love thee,
Thy spirit sweetly cheer.

LONGING FOR MAY.

While winter did linger, bleak and cold,
With sullen clouds, 'neath a scowling sky,
And icy storms swept the frozen wold,
As the dull, dark days crept slowly by,
A dear one asked, at that season drear,
As her spirit longed for spring-time bloom,
Its song of birds and its balmy air:
“Will the beautiful May ever come?”

Oh! often above life's pathway here
Are sullen clouds and a scowling sky,
The hard, selfish world is cold and drear,
And trouble-filled hours creep slowly by;
As amid the shadows within—without—
Saddened in heart and lonely in home,
We ask with commingled hope and doubt:
“Will the beautiful May ever come?”

Gone will be winter, in season due,
 Soon sullen clouds will all take their flight,
And the scowling skies grow soft and blue,
 When the springtime cometh, fair and bright;
But the storm and the cloud come not in vain,
 And the dull, dark days, that creep away,
If rightly improved, will bring us gain
 Of light and joy in beautiful May.

The fair, gentle one whose heart longed so
 For beautiful May again to come,
Was borne by the angels years ago
 Unto a fairer and better home;
No sullen clouds and no scowling sky
 Doth dim the light of heaven's sweet day,
But joy-wreathed hours pass endlessly by,
 And all the year is beautiful May.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Cold winter's reign at length is o'er.
And all his power is gone,
His frosty mace turns to a rose.
As young spring takes the throne.
With sunny smiles she waves her hand
O'er hills and valleys green.
While flowers' bloom and zephyrs' song
Proclaim the lovely queen.

Her gentle voice is gladly heard
Where turtle-doves do coo,
And in the leafy bowers o'erhead.
With songs the robins woo,
'Mid meads and gardens, perfume-laden.
Trill anthems through the grove;
O'er beds of bud, and spray and blossom.
The balmy breezes rove.

The babbling brooks, with limpid song,
From icy fetters free,
Now ripple joyously along.
In melody and glee;
The forest dons green garbs anew,
Fresh robes the hilltops wear,
And daisied dingles smile to greet
The young queen of the year.

The opening flowers now freshly bloom,
With beauty bright and gay,
And strolling zephyrs proudly bear
Sweet perfumes all the day.
O, winter 's gone and none will grieve,
For spring is with us now,
Let every heart a chaplet weave,
To wreathe her virgin brow.

EPITHALAMIUM.

'Tis thy bridal eve, and a radiant gem
Is set for thee now in life's diadem,
A solemn hour that life's stages divides—
A sentiment into a sacrament glides !
'Tis a fitting hour love's promise to plight,
When stars twinkle out on the brow of the night
At the calm, holy hour when curfew bells chime
And life seems set to a musical rhyme.

Thou art leaving us now, but hope's brilliant ray
Doth brightly illumine thy future's fair day,
And love's sweet trustfulness, unshadowed and
 bright,
Makes thy pathway all agleam with beauty and
 light.
We would not detain thee, or mingle a tear
In the cup of thy gladness, so sparkling and
 clear,
And yet a touch of deep sadness doth steal
About our hearts 'mid the joy that we feel.

Thou art leaving the home where so long thou
hast dwelt,
And the altar at which so oft thou hast knelt,
A fond mother's love, a kind father's care,
Oh, may they by contrast seem never more dear !
Fond brothers and sisters, who've encircled thy
way
With garlands of love which can never decay,
And dear happy scenes as joy-freighted years
Flew swiftly away with their hopes and their
fears.

Thou art leaving us now and the joyous band
That in the dear by-gone did hopefully stand
On childhood's bright plain is broken once more,
Ah, those ranks upon earth shall be full never-
more !

Oh, true, loving hearts with sorrow sincere,
Shall sigh for thy wonted companionship here,
While memory sweet, in garments of light,
Will sing of the past and mourn o'er its flight.

With gladness we think that the hour will come
When thou shalt return to thy childhood's glad
home,
Shalt wander again, as in bright days of yore,
And list to its song by the brook's grassy shore,

Shalt pause with full heart and muse on the
scene

Of tasks and of plays at old "Willow Green:"
Shalt gather wild flowers within shady grove,
And revisit the haunts we ever did love.

'Tis thy bridal eve. May this hour so bright,
A prelude prove to a song more blithe,
And the blossoms of joy that now brightly glow,
No withering blight in coming days know!
Peace ever attend thee, whatever the way
Thy footsteps shall tread in life's future day,
And all that is best by our Father in Heaven
To thee in His goodness be constantly given!

PRECIOUS GIFTS.

How sweet and precious are the gifts
The Saviour doth bestow !
More precious far than gems or gold,
Or aught that earth can show.

Joy, love and peace He freely gives
To those who heed His word,
While purity and heaven await
Those who obey the Lord.

Oh ! may these gifts of Christ, our Lord,
Inspire us all to give
The service of our lives to Him,
In whom alone we live.

Here for His rich and precious gifts
Our grateful songs shall rise,
Until we sing, in glory given,
His praises in the skies.

WITHERED ROSES.

Through the woodlands, 'mid the meadows,
And o'er the breezy hills—
In gardens fair, 'neath cottage eaves,
Beside bright rippling rills—
Where'er the beauteous flowers bloomed,
Through summer's sunny day,
The frost-king passed, and in his path
Pale, withered roses lay.

The curse that fell, when time was new,
On Eden's lovely bowers,
Yet lingers over all the earth,
And blights its fairest flowers;
So, too, in every human heart
Dead, withered roses lay,
And sadly rustle whene'er stirred
By the breath of memory.

The sunny hours of childhood's day,
And youth so fair and bright,
With beaming skies and balmy air,
Have gone in rapid flight;
But many hopes which cheered the heart,
Bloomed but to fade away,
And 'long the pathway of the years
Dead, withered roses lay.

Hearts we have loved have ceased to beat,
Hands we have clasped, grown cold,
Lips we have kissed are mute and still
Beneath the churchyard mold !
In sorrow dark the spirit kneels,
With piteous sigh and moan,
By tear-wet graves in lonely hearts,
With withered roses strewn.

Though wealth and pleasure hold gay court
And cheat the heart awhile
With pleasure's counterfeit, and seem
Blest with earth's fairest smile,
Yet when the song and dance are done,
Beneath the outward sheen
Of festal joy and careless mirth
Are withered roses seen.

Where'er a human foot hath trod,
By mountain, vale or stream,
Where'er a human heart hath loved,
And dreamed hope's syren dream,
In every state—in every age—
'Mid poor and rich, 'mid low and high,
Sad hearts are often called to weep
Where withered roses lie.

But there's a fairer, better land,
Beyond death's chilly river,
Where friend meets friend in perfect love,
To live in joy forever.
There no sorrow e'er shall come,
No sin—no curse—no care—
No farewell tears—no breaking hearts—
No withered roses there.

A PARTING RHYME.

Farewell, our joyous, sparkling friend !
As hence thy homeward footsteps trend,
No shadows of the summer flown
Now be on memory's canvas thrown;
In radiant light may all appear,
E'en as its noontide sunshine clear,
Pleasing for many a future year.
Cull from life's stores and closely bind
All precious gems on heart and mind.
Mingling in scenes all bright and gay,
Pause oft to think: "These pass away."
Be bright, be joyous, yet be true
E'er to thyself; life's duty do;
Live to good purpose and thus shed
Light o'er the path thy feet shall tread.

START NOW.

Would you gather wealth and fame ?

Start now.

Would you win an honored name ?

Start now.

Would you live a worthy life,
With noble words and actions rife,
Augmenting peace, allaying strife ?

Start now.

Would you cease from wrong and sin ?

Start now.

Would you be pure and clean within ?

Start now.

Sin is deceitful and a snare,
Oh, of its dreadful power beware!
To overcome by faith and prayer,
Start now.

Time is going, ne'er returning—

Start now,

Go ever forward, working, learning,

Start now;

Improve each season as it flies,

Perform life's duties as they rise;

To bless the earth and reach the skies,

Start now.

THE BROOKLET SANG OF LOVE.

Autumn's rich sunlight filled the land
With softened beauty bright,
And wove for every hill and dell
Rare robes of golden light,
When with the dearest one of earth,
In gladness I did rove,
Where sunbeams waltzed within the vale,
And the brooklet sang of love.

She was as lovely as sweet flowers
That proudly kissed her feet,
And cheering as the bright sunshine
That smiled her face to greet;
As graceful as the whispering waves
That did in music move
Along their singing, shining way,
Where the brooklet sang of love.

A brighter gleam and fairer face
The waters seem to wear,
A richer gush of melody
To fling upon the air,
The while she sat with gentle grace,
Within the green alcove,
Upon the moss-embroidered rock,
Where the brooklet sang of love.

Long, lonely years had crept away,
Since last we had clasp'd hands,
Yet absence held no potent power
To break affection's bands;
It only made our love more deep,
The fond ties closer wove,
As well we proved with happy hearts,
Where the brooklet sang of love.

The sunshine wandered from the skies
And rested on our souls,
As we stroll'd that rose-wreath'd eve,
Where the shining streamlet rolls
Its limpid silver 'mid the grass
That carpeted the grove.
And our fond hearts chimed with its song
When the brooklet sang of love.

Cold winter's icy hand may bind
With crystal chains the rill,
May smoothe the dimples from its face,
Its merry anthems still,
Yet throughout life's on-passing years,
Whatever they may prove,
Our love shall be as fond as when
The brooklet sang of love.

Bright angels guard my precious one
From every earthly ill,
E'er lead her steps thro' pastures green,
By waters calm and still;
May truest peace live in her heart,
Wherever she may rove,
And bright-faced joy sing 'round her path
While the brooklet sings of love.

SONG OF THE HOURS.

We come from our home beyond the blue sky,
And over the beautiful earth we do fly;
We come when the sun with glance fair and
 bright
Disperses the gloom and the darkness of night;
We come when the noon with brilliancy crown'd,
Scatters garlands of light and of beauty around;
We come when the shadows of twilight do fall,
And when robes of silver the stars cast o'er all;
And 'tis for thee, mortals, we come and we go,
And our coming and going marks your lifetime
 below.

With hands full of gifts and lips full of song,
We scatter rich blessings thy pathway along.
Although dark shadows we sometimes do fling,
Yet oftener far bright sunshine we bring;
We give to thee friends, thy sojourn to cheer,
Sweet love, fame and honor we often bring near.
When dark troubles gather, our passage gives
 hope
That the wine of sweet joy will soon fill up
 life's cup.

O, look thee about thee, which doth outweigh
The gleaming or gloaming of life's earthly day ?

We linger not long, and the flight of each one
Brings nearer the time when life shall be done,
For while thou dost doubt, resolve and delay.
On footsteps unceasing we are gliding away.
Take heed of our passing, to thee we are given
As seasons in which to prepare thee for heaven.
Go forth unto duty, be fearless and strong,
Make thy presence a blessing, thy life-scroll a
 song,
And so spend us all, that in bright, blissful
 bowers,
Ye ne'er shall regret the flight of life's hours.

OUR BIRDLINGS.

We watched their wooing in spring-time sweet,
And the little home-nest builded with care,
Where wistaria and woodbine meet,
A screen from rain and the sun's bright glare;
We saw little mouths that opened wide
For food that the busy mother brought,
We heard her sweet chirp of love and pride—
How like to our human kind, we thought.

But the nest is empty; this fair, bright day
The little wings were first plumed for flight,
And under parental guidance away
They gracefully flitted out of sight.
Perhaps when the twilight again doth come,
And the tender pinions needeth rest,
Again will they seek their vine-clad home,
And go to sleep in the old home-nest.

BORNE AWAY.

SAMUEL GOLD, February 21st, 1891,
Mrs. JANE GOLD, March 4th, 1891.

The current of the years
Flows ever on and on,
And bears beyond our sight
Our loved ones, one by one;
An only brother's form
Late vanished from our view,
And now so soon we mourn
An aged mother, too.

For fourscore years and eight
She trod life's checkered way,
Of mingled light and shade
That forms our earthly day.
How short her long life seems
Now that she has passed o'er
The stream of mortal life
Unto the unseen shore!

Into her open grave,
The pure, soft snowflakes fell,
And by their beauty bright
Of fairer worlds did tell;
A covering for earth's stains,
They silently float down,
E'en as Our Father's love
Doth all His creatures crown.

A spotless, snowy robe
Upon her grave is seen,
And 'mid its soft, white folds
A cross of evergreen;
They point us to the land
That endless life doth know,
And the saved soul shall be
E'en whiter than the snow.

The current of the years
Flows ever on and on,
And soon we shall be called
To join our loved ones gone.
Oh! may we all meet in
A fairer, better land,
And there live evermore,
A glad, unbroken band.

Dear friend and brother, fare-thee-well !

We lay thee to thy dreamless rest

In hopeful trust, until we, too,

O'er death's dark river shall have passed

Unto the other shore,

There to meet with joy again,

Beyond the reach of sin and pain,

And live forevermore.

ON RECEIVING A BOQUET.

Thanks for the lovely gift—
A beauteous offering, fair and bright,
Of mingled crimson, green and white,
A graceful coronal of light,
And heart of flame;
In perfumed garments, tinted by
The matchless artist of the sky,
It to me came.
Sweet children of the sun and showers,
Bright idols of the breeze,
Fond nature's smiles, the lovely flowers
Our outward senses please,
And unto things bright, beautiful and true,
With fragrant whispers, they do sweetly woo
Us e'er our hearts to lift.

A SUMMER SUNSET.

The day-king is bidding his golden good-night
From the old North mountain, so lovely and
green,

Where the myrtle and fern, the pine and the oak
In bright summer robes of beauty are seen;
His face is half-hidden behind the tall form
Of the mountain-top, tipped with green fringe,
On which the day-time and night-time appeared
To the fancy of childhood to hinge.

The clouds lose their lustre, their beauty is gone,
To cloud, to hill-top, to green, grassy dell,
Now dimmed and shaded by fast coming night,
The fleeting sunbeams have whispered Farewell.
The bright, rosy west is blushing with joy
To welcome day's radiant king to his rest.
To a purple couch and pillows of gold,
He sinks through the bright amethyst;

The birds have now sought their zephyr-sway'd
 nests,
Their vesper song closed with the fading sun-
 beam,
With little heads tucked under bright-colored
 wings,
They are dreaming, no doubt, some bonny bird-
 dream;
The beautiful flowers have bowed their sweet
 heads,
And are peacefully sleeping on their slight stems,
While soft, shining dewdrops sweet pearls of
 the eve,
Shall glisten and crown with bright diadems.

The village is quiet and tranquil and still,
The turmoil of day has sunk to a calm,
No boisterous mirth, or shouting, or strife
Disturbs the sweetness of day's closing psalm;
One bright little star, the first of its train,
Gleams out on the sky, a soft, mellow light,
And shows that the beautiful daylight has gone,
And around us has fallen the sweet summer
 night.

DEDICATION HYMN.

New Presbyterian Church, Gerardstown, W. Va,
August 13th, 1893.

GOD of our fathers and our God,
Our hands have built this new abode,
And give to Thee, with praise and prayer,
Who long hast had a temple here.
We come unto this altar place
Rejoicing in Thy constant grace;
Oh ! let Thy loving favor rest
Upon this house and make it blest.

Within these courts may Thy pure truth
Be learned and loved by age and youth;
Here may the sad and sinful find
Pardon and joy and peace of mind,
Thy saints with living bread be fed,
And all in righteous paths be led;
With good the people satisfied,
And Thy great name be glorified.

As here we meet may each one be
Fitted to serve and worship Thee,
And hence afar to men below
Glad streams of full salvation flow.
Come, Triune God, with us abide,
Be Thou our strength, our joy, our guide;
Come, make this house Thine own abode,
God of our fathers and our God.

TO MY SISTER.

Dear Sister mine, a wreath I'd twine
Of poesy's fair flowers for thee,
For love as pure as thine, I'm sure,
Such tribute well may claim from me;
I hope 'twill prove that though I rove
Far from my boyhood's cherished home,
That oft sweet thought with pleasure fraught,
Of thee doth to my bosom come.

When in sad death a mother's breath
One summer day grew still fore'er,
Thou then didst take, for her dear sake,
A little child in love to rear;
Full well hast thou fulfilled the vow
Unto that dying mother given,
And oft has she since then on thee
Approving smiled methinks from heaven.

With earnest love, like hers above,
Her wishes thou didst e'er fulfil,
With watchful care that child to rear
To love the good and shun the ill;
And here today, though far away,
He in this little song I sing,
With fond delight a tribute slight
Of gratitude to thee would bring.

Thy footsteps now have passed the brow
Of life's hill and doth tend down
Unto the tide that doth divide
The Christian's conflicts and the crown;
As years increase, may joy and peace
E'er unto thee be multiplied;
Life's sweetest flowers wreathe all thy hours,
And blessings fall on every side.

And when at last we shall have pssed
Across death's dark and chilly river,
Oh! may we rest among the blest,
Out in the unseen great forever,
Where ne'er again come grief or pain,
But all is endless joy and love,
In the abode of Christ, our God,
And angels bright and saints above.

THE MAIDEN WHOM I LOVE.

When the bright and beaming morning,
Like a bride in rich adorning,
From its oriental home
With shining golden steps doth come,
When the lark at dawn doth rise
To greet the sunbeams in the skies,
Then my thoughts do gladly rove
To the maiden whom I love.

When the quiet twilight hour,
With a gentle, soothing power,
Steals softly o'er the quiet earth,
Giving to nobler thoughts a birth;
When the curfew's silver chime
Marks the pleasant evening time,
Then my thoughts do fondly rove
To the maiden whom I love.

When the busy world is sleeping,
And bright stars their watch are keeping,
When the moon with silver ray
Sails proudly on her nightly way,
When the dews in pearly showers
Do gently kiss the sleeping flowers,
Then in dreams of joy I rove
To the maiden whom I love.

Where'er on earth my steps are roving,
And whatever life is proving,
When dark sorrows thickly fall,
Or joy's sunlight gladdens all,
Sweet thoughts of her on me bestow
The dearest pleasures earth doth know,
And my fond heart, where'er I rove,
Turns to the maiden whom I love.

THE ROSES NOW ARE BLOOMING.

The roses now are blooming
In beauty rich and rare,
With fragrance sweet perfuming
The ambient summer air;
The joyous birds are singing
Glad songs of merry glee,
And balmy winds are bringing
Soft whispers o'er the lea.

Deep azure skies are bending
In beauty bright o'erhead,
While on the earth descending
The rosy light is shed.
Around me now and above
Rare beauty do I see,
All telling Our Father's love
For creatures such as we.

My soul drinks in the beauty
Of this lovely summer morn.
And new strength for life's duty
Seems of its influence born.
How kind is gracious heaven
To us, poor, sinful worms,
That has of beauty given
So many pleasing forms !

But lovelier far than roses
That sweetly scent the air,
Or beauty that discloses
From azure skies so fair,
Are human hearts e'er breathing
True love to God and man,
And who with joy are wreathing
Life's brief and fleeting span.

The roses sweet will wither
And shortly fade from sight,
The warbling song-birds thither
From us will wing their flight,
The beauteous sky will roll
Together in that day
When like a burning scroll
The earth shall pass away.

But loving hearts that greet us
With gladness here below,
Through faith and love may meet us
Where fadeless flowers grow,
And dearest joys they've given
Upon earth's sinful shore,
Shall sweeter prove in heaven
And bloom forevermore.

AT EASTER-TIDE.

In grateful songs of joy and praise
Our hearts and voices blend
To celebrate the matchless love
Of that Almighty Friend
Who laid His life down for our sakes,
And took it up again,
That we by Him might conquer death,
With Him in glory reign.

No power of death could hold Him down,
He triumphed o'er the grave,
And ever lives in changeless love,
His trusting ones to save.
Oh ! that all hearts would yield to Him,
In hopeful faith and love,
Rise from the death of sin and shame,
And live with Him above.

A MORNING RAMBLE.

The morn was bright and very fair,
With glittering jewels in her hair,
Around her waist a diamond belt,
While at her feet the night-shades knelt:
Her tuneful lyres were sweetly playing
Greetings to the zephyrs straying,
And from their dewy, sweet repose
Awoke the lily and the rose.

Along the margin of a lake,
Where silver waves in music break,
And the sunbeams bright are seen
Dancing o'er the limpid sheen,
Kissing its up-turned face so bright,
And breezes dimple with footsteps light,
In their merry morning play,
I took my joyous, strolling way.

I wandered o'er the purple heather,
Where the sunbeams love to gather,
There to spend the summer hours
Sporting with the fragrant flowers;
Where the balmy breeze was sighing,
With the golden sunbeam vieing
For the happiness to sip
The dewdrop from the daisy's lip.

At length I gained the mountain's brow,
All bathed in morning's roseate glow,
While far beneath me, on each side,
Lay lovely landscapes in their pride;
Distant hilltops robed in green,
With flashing silver streams between,
And woodlands wherein song-birds sweet
The rising day with music greet.

Again with musing step and slow
I sought the charming vale below.
Strolling the darkened paths along,
Listening to the wild-bird's song,
As from some lofty, leafy tree
He trilled his matin song of glee,
Making the echos ring again
With his wild, impassioned strain,

I saw upon the mountain side,
A cold and cheerless rock beside.
As 'twould o'er it sweet fragrance shed,
A blooming flower rear its head.
Its soft and scented leaves did cling
Unto the rock as a living thing,
As though it would with sweetness rare
That darkened wilderness e'en cheer.

I plucked the flower but still there hung
A fragrance 'round the rock that clung
As if it did in sadness grieve
Its wild but native place to leave,
As with the rock 'twould gladly share
The cold abode, the home so drear,
And o'er its rough and barren head
Its sweet perfume and beauty shed.

'Tis so I thought with human hearts !
The hardest one in mammon's marts
May have some clinging human flower
To cheer and bless life's lonely hour;
To win it back from pride and pelf,
And make it like its own sweet self.
The flower may die, but the impress made
Can never wholly from it fade.

On viewless pinions swiftly borne,
From earth soon passed that summer morn,
But the little flower I have it still,
And it doth hold a power to thrill
With memories sweet that ne'er can die,
Although its faded leaves are dry,
But like the scent it doth impart,
Shall linger sweetly about my heart.

AN EVENING STROLL.

Through the meadows robed in green,
Beside the brooks's bright, glistening sheen,
We wandered when the closing day
Cast over earth its parting ray,
And peace on dell and green hill-crest
Did like a benediction rest.

With earnest words or playful jest
We strolled along or paused to rest
Where the quiet waters glide
In a calm and placid tide,
Or merry ripples sing the song
Of gladness they have known so long.

Dark clouds came drifting o'er the sky
And hid the blue dome from the eye;
So oft o'er hearts come grief and care,
Yet we know the blue dome is there,
And that in beauty fair and bright,
Tomorrow it may cheer our sight.

'Twas the same stream by which I played
In childhood's day, through grassy glade,
With merry boys who now are men,
With girls as lovely now as then.
How fair each by-gone scene appears,
Seen through the vista of the years !

How brightly did the waters gleam,
How cool and sweet their shores did seem,
As through the sultry summer day
It wooed from irksome tasks away
The weary, pent-up pupils seen
In school-room walls at "Willow Green."

We tossed dull, dog-eared books aside,
When school was out, and gaily hied
To merry games, as "Fox and Hounds,"
"Open the gates," and "Clear the Grounds,"
"Town Ball," "Steal Clothes," "Hide and
Seek,"

Along the banks of old Mill Creek.

Long years have come and years have gone,
But still the laughing waves flow on;
And years will come and years will go,
And still the brook will onward flow,
In beauty bright, though smiles or tears
Be woven with the passing years.

The waters run to reach the sea,
The years drift to eternity !
But when is dry the rippling rill,
And earthly years fore'er stand still,
May we all meet and pure joy know
Where streams of living waters flow.

A NUPTIAL WISH.

Calm be the waters—propitious the breeze
That wafts thy life-barque forth over the seas;
The pilot be Truth—the cargo be peace,
Love, faith and gladness that never shall cease;
And when the voyage all safely is passed,
In the harbor of heaven may the anchor be cast.

TO M——.

'Mid a rosebud's perfumed heart
A dewdrop bright one morn did lie,
Gleaming like a tear just wept
Glittering from a Peri's eye;
It cheered the thirsty, drooping flower
E'en with a sweet, refreshing power.
Gentle words and deeds of thine
Oft on my weary heart have lain,
Like that dewdrop on the flower,
Dispelling sadness, care and pain.

TO A YOUNG GRADUATE.

To-day you reach the glowing height
Towards which fond hopes so long have
turned,
And grasp, as by a victor's right,
The prize by faithful efforts earned.
True, loving friends rejoice to share
The joy that in thy bosom glows,
And note the honors which declare
Thy school-life's glad, triumphant close.

But think not that thy work is done,
Now that fair school-girl days are o'er.
Life's earnest work is just begun,
Its burden lieth yet before;
Those youthful days that sped along,
With eager plans and studies rife,
Were but the prelude to life's song,
And but the arming for its strife.

The beautiful day is dying,
And no mortal power can give
Its jeweled hours back unto earth,
Or cause it again to live;
Its golden moments, improved or not,
No more return;
Well should we heed their rapid flight,
Their lessons learn.

The beautiful day is dying—
'Tis now memory's favorite time
To roam green fields of pleasures past,
Joy's long-hushed bells to chime;
Now vanished scenes, too bright to last,
To new life start,
And friends we loved in the long ago
Stroll through the heart.

The beautiful day is dying—
Oh! hallowed is the hour,
As shadows fall from day's death-bed,
With a sweetly solemn power,
About the heart; and thoughts too dear
For the noon's bright glare,
Too sacred to meet the harsh world's gaze,
Our spirits stir.

The beautiful day is dying,
Its record is almost closed,
Before its Maker's throne 'twill soon
In truthfulness have deposed
Concerning the thoughts, words and deeds
Of men below,
Casting its weight in the mighty scale
Of bliss or woe.

The beautiful day is dying,
And one more link in the chain
That binds us all to old time's shore
Is snapped by its death in twain;
So may we live that when every one
Like it hath flown,
We'll live in joy where no dying day
Is ever known.

The death-dew now is starting
On my brow,
The last, sad hour of parting
Has come now.
Oh ! do not let it grieve thee,
Darling, so !
My blessing I do give thee,
Ere I go.

May friends rise up around thee,
When I'm gone,
And purest joys surround thee,
Precious one;
May nothing ill betide thee,
All thy days,
Our Heavenly Father guide thee
In His ways.

Then when on earth are ended
All grief and pain,
By angels bright attended,
We'll meet again;
And oh ! in bliss forever
We shall dwell,
Where naught our lives shall sever—
Dear, farewell !

THE DEATH OF THE DAY.

[The beautiful day is dying,

On a crimson couch in the west,
All stained with the life-blood flowing
From night's deep wound in the breast;
Dark curtains are drawing closer
About its bed,
And shadows grow thicker and denser,
Till the day is dead.

The beautiful day is dying,

And the quiet stars arise,
To light with their silver lamps
Its passage into the skies,
Then o'er its tomb their vigils keep
Until the morn
Proclaims unto the waking world
A new day born.

Life is before thee; may it be
A growing record, fair and bright,
Of worthy deeds performed by thee,
In the great cause of truth and right.
May coming years, with gladness crowned,
A rich and precious fruitage bring
To radiant hopes that all around
Are now so brightly blossoming.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

The withered leaves are lying
 O'er the lea,
The autumn breeze is sighing
 Mournfully;
The meadows now are turning
 Brown and sere,
My heart is fondly yearning
 O'er thee, dear.

The summer flowers have faded
 On the stem,
Thy life will now be shaded,
 Like to them;
The dead leaves have been falling.
 Day by day,
Now death's sad voice is calling
 Me away.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The autumn leaves are falling
 Beneath the frost-king's tread,
Strewing fair summer's pathway
 To mansions of the dead;
Their bright, fresh charms have vanished,
 But richer robes they wear,
As days grow short and chilly,
 And the end of life is near.

When life's sad autumn cometh,
 And summer days are o'er,
We like to them shall vanish,
 To live on earth no more.
Oh ! then may robes of beauty,
 Fairer than earth can know,
Be ours in realms of glory,
 Where endless summers glow.

THE VIGIL OF THE STARS,

Mrs. GEORGE MCKOWN, December 11th, 1873.

For the first time the stars look down
Upon thy new-made grave to-night,
And gently on the sacred mound
Doth rest the soft and silvery light.
'Though wintry winds now wail around,
A requiem o'er thy last long sleep,
We fondly deem thy rest less lone,
While the bright stars their vigils keep.

In memory's sky the stars of love—
Sweet, gentle words and deeds of thine—
Now, through the shadows of the tomb,
With fairer light and beauty shine;
Where'er on earth our paths shall lie,
Whatever sky may bend above,
Within our hearts can ne'er go down
The golden stars of thy dear love.

Amid the sadness and the grief
That shrouds life's leaden sky tonight,
The shining stars of hope beam forth,
With a cheering, radiant light;
They point the sorrowing spirit up
To that bright, beauteous world afar,
Where thou dost rest in bliss with Him
Who is "the bright and morning star."

'Though the bright stars now first look down
Upon thy new-made grave tonight—
And 'though on thine and ours may fall . . .
Through countless years their silvery light,
When they at length have paled fore'er,
Our souls may live on that blest shore
Whose light is th' Lamb—to praise His love,
And shine as the stars forevermore.

CHRISTIAN BATTERIES.

Each Christian church should surely be
 An active battery in the field,
Where alcohol's dark hordes we see
 Their dreadful power for evil wield;
Let pew and pulpit in their might,
 As love of tempted souls inspire,
March to the thickest of the fight,
 And never be afraid to fire.

Each Sabbath school within our land
 An active battery should be,
With faithful strength and courage mann'd,
 To save from rum's dread tyranny;
Into young hands our country's weal
 Or woe for future years is given.
Oh! may they fight with valiant zeal
 For the great cause of home and heaven.

Load up the guns with truth divine—
With God's own word that standeth sure,
His warning 'gainst the treacherous wine,
His blessings to the good and pure;
With cheer of hope and earnest prayer,
Send forth the solid shot and shell,
Till round old Rum's unhonored bier
We gladly hear his funeral knell.

Forth to the conflict bravely go,
Ye soldiers of the Truth and Right,
And in due time man's deadliest foe
Must surely yield unto thy might;
The grog-shop's hosts, though strong and
great,
Our country fair no more must rule,
But find defeat whene'er they meet
The batteries of Church and School.

ON THE BRIDGE.

'Tis the calm hour of evening when sunbeams
do fly

Away from the earth and the world becomes still,
When Luna, the fair faced, ascending on high,
Doth rise so gracefully up over the hill,
And bright, twinkling stars from their home in
the sky,
Look down and smile at themselves in the rill.

I am far from the scenes where on pinions so
light,

The years of my boyhood fled swiftly along,
And the springtime of life, all golden and bright,
Doth seem like a dream or a glad, swelling
song;

But Memory, the sweet one, in robes fair and
bright,

Now hath borne me once more those dear scenes
among.

One calm eve like this, ere the last gleam of day
Its fair flight had taken on wings viewless still,
With a friend of my youth I had wandered away
To the home of the dead who sleep on the hill,
And returning we paused, a moment's delay,
On a low rustic bridge that spans a bright rill.

The clear, pearly streamlet beneath us did glide,
With musical murmurs along its fair way,
And all the glad waves of the bright, silver tide
Were wreathed with the beauty of evening's
 soft ray,
While we who had sauntered there side by side,
Did linger to hear it and see them at play.

She held in her hand a bright cluster of flowers
And on the clear waters that sparkled below
The soft, perfumed leaves in sweet, rosy showers
With quick, graceful motion did carelessly throw
And the roses so fair, like life's brightest hours,
Passed quickly away on the stream's ceaseless
 flow.

We watched the bright waves, with their soft,
 dimpled hands,
As they chased each other and hasted along,

E'er running and falling all o'er the bright sands
And singing their ceaseless and musical songs,
'Til their laughter's sweet echos, like magical
 wands,
Did strike thrilling notes our heart-strings
 among.

Like the flowers that so long ago she did cast
Upon the bright tide of that clear, sparkling
 stream,
Long years with their sunshine and shadows
 have passed,
But still precious thoughts of my poem's sweet
 theme
Bright garlands of joy to my heart doth now
 clasp,
As here at the death of the daylight I dream.

The scenes of the present all vanish and fly,
As these memories sweet my spirit doth thrill,
While Luna, the fair-faced, ascending on high,
Doth rise all gracefully up over the hill,
And bright, twinkling stars from their home in
 the sky
Look down and smile at themselves in the rill.

THROUGH MEMORY'S HALLS.

Through Memory's perfumed halls I stray,
And 'mid the charms that therein lay,
Forget the conflicts of to-day.

The fair, sweet light of by-gone years
Around me falls, and re-appears
The joy I knew ere I knew tears.

Within these halls fain would I stay,
But Duty summons hence away,
And her command all must obey.

PASSED AWAY.

'Twas when sweet, guileless flowers,
Did deck the dell,
And birds, in leafy bowers,
Their joy did tell,
Home to her Saviour God
Her spirit fled,
And 'neath the daisied sod
We made her bed.

Flora's sweet charms since then
Have all grown pale,
In every grassy glen,
O'er hill and dale;
The warbling birds have flown
All far away,
And autumn leaves have strewn
A mantle gray

Over her grave; the snow
Doth lightly rest—
A spotless robing—now
Above her breast;
The wind with mournful tone
Doth seem to sigh
That e'en so fair a one
In death must lie.

But, though we sadly miss
Her presence here,
Our lonely home to bless,
Our hearts to cheer,
A little while and we
Shall meet again,
When from earth's cares we're free—
Have crossed life's main.

A few more summer hours
To quickly fly,
A few more beauteous flowers
To bloom and die;
A few more joyful lays
From birds below,
A few more wintry days
Of rain and snow;

A few more songs to rise
 And charm the ear,
A few more weary sighs
 To breathe out here,
A few more hours to grieve,
 A few of mirth,
And we'll be called to leave
 This changeful earth

Then if we've lived aright
 While here below.
Unto a land of light
 With joy we'll go,
To meet our cherished friends
 Upon that shore
Where joyful meeting ends,
 Oh, nevermore.

A STELLAR FANCY.

'Tis said that when we see a star
Shooting across the night-sky blue,
The wish we frame ere it expires
Is destined to come true.

I never see a shooting-star
But that I think, dear one, of thee,
And from my heart doth leap the prayer
That thou mayest happy be.

THE BRIDAL.

Within a village church
A bridal party stood,
Young manhood in its prime,
And gentle maidenhood.
Many dear friends had come,
And gladly gathered there,
As by true nuptial rite
Young lives were link'd fore'er.

Without, the pure, fresh snow
O'er field and woodland lay,
Earth's spotless bridal robe,
In keeping with the day;
Within, the pure sweet flowers
Their cheering beauty shed,
To fitly grace the scene
When youthful lovers wed.

Soft music's gentle tone
Stole through the quiet air,
A fit prelude—inwove
With solemn vow and prayer—
To sweetest symphony
That true love ever gives,
To mark the rhythmic flow
Of fond, united lives.

The fateful words were said,
'Mid silence deep and still,
And two young lives were bound
Henceforth for good or ill;
Whatever life may bring
Of joy or weary care,
They go with hopeful hearts
In mutual love to share.

How fair the sacred scene,
When trustful hearts in youth
Unto each other pledge
A life-long love and truth!
O, fraught with meanings deep.
That reach out far and wide.
Are plighted troths when breath'd
By bridegroom and by bride.

The coming years to them
Shone beautiful and bright,
As the full-orb'd sun of hope
Shed forth alluring light;
But loving hearts were sad,
And tears they could not hide
Bespake the pain of parting
With her, the gentle bride.

O, happy, proud bridegroom,
To thee this hour is given
The most precious prize
This side a smiling heaven !
A woman's trusting heart,
With all its wealth of love,
That shall throughout life's day
Thy richest blessing prove.

What sacrifices great
She in this hour doth make !
How much of love and joy
She leaveth for thy sake !
But love for thee doth prove
Stronger than all beside;
All weaker ties she breaks
To be thy cherished bride.

The scenes that her young heart
Hath ever held most dear;
Her sunny childhood's home,
Its ceaseless love and care;
Her kindred and fond friends,
Whose truth long years have shown,
All—all she leaveth now
To go with thee alone.

Across life's pathway here
Dark shadows often fall,
And e'en earth's happiest pair
May not escape them all;
But faithful love and hope
Doth still shine clear and bright,
And gild the darkest hours
With beams of golden light.

O, wedded ones, to whom
The future now doth seem
A path with flowers abloom
Along joy's sparkling stream,
May skies be bright above,
And earth be fair below,
With all of truest good
That human hearts may know.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

The bright, sunny summer is over.

Its glad, golden days have all fled,
And the beauteous bloom of the year
Lies faded and withered and dead.

'Mid music and fragrance and beauty
Its bright days sped over the land,
And dropp'd in the sea of the Vanished,
Like gems from a diamond strand.

Rich blessings the Summer did lavish
On these earthly pathways of ours—
Gladness as bright as its sunshine,
And joys as sweet as its flowers.

Glad meetings with friends fondly loved
Have cheered and blest the bright day;
And hearts have saddened as dear ones
Were called from our presence away.

Bright hopes have arisen within us,
And like stars that never go down,
Will cheer us till fullest fruition
Our worthy endeavors shall crown.

Heart-shadows of sorrow and sadness,
Have hidden at times the blue skies,
But oft like storm-clouds of summer,
They were blessings come in disguise.

In white bridal robes to the altar—
In funereal garb to the tomb,
The children of men were oft called
To pass in deep gladness and gloom.

A changeful and varied freightage
Of laughter and weeping and song,
Came to us while beautiful Summer
Swept in perfumed garments along.

Now the sweet and radiant Summer
Hath passed like a vision away;
And the low, sad winds of autumn
Seem sighing its dirges to-day.

When life's earthly summer is o'er,
And cold 'neath death's frost we do lie,
May our spirits bask in the glory
Of perennial summer on high.

TO MY WIFE.

On footsteps uns^{een} the years come and go,
With summers of bloom and winters of snow,
And each as it went has taught me to see
New beauties that bind my heart unto thee.

Dark sorrows we've shared, bright joys we have
 known,
In the year that now to the past hath flown;
But shadows are gone and joys re-appear,
As we muse to-night of the vanished year.

We're passing along o'er life's checkered way—
O'er its verdant meads and its mountains gray;
Together we go, rejoicing to share
The pleasures and cares befalling us here.

May coming years, as they go fleeting along,
Be wreathed with beauty and vocal with song;
Their summers of bloom and winters of snow
Ever new blessings upon thee bestow.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

Young traveler o'er life's changeful sea,
Now setting forth with joy,
O, do not dream thy trip will be
All bright, with no alloy.
For thou hast much indeed to learn,
As thou sailest o'er life's tide,
And often will thy spirit yearn
For some friendly hand to guide,
With lessons wise, thy vessel's prow
Amid the tossings of life's sea,
And so a note of warning now
I fain would sound for thee.

I would not that my lips should speak
A word to give thee pain,
Or that should cause thee e'er to break
One link in friendship's chain;

For friendship is a sacred tie
That human hearts doth bind,
And blest is he, though low or high,
Who sincere friends doth find;
But this one warning prithee heed,
Which now I give to thee—
That all are not true friends indeed,
Who so profess to be.

When prosperous gales doth waft thee on,
And sunbeams 'round thee play,
High success doth each movement crown,
And honor gilds thy way,
Full many will about thee crowd,
And seem true and sincere,
Whom the approach of adverse cloud
Will prove as false as fair.
Then e'er remember what you read,
Wherever you may be.
That all are not true friends indeed
Who so profess to be.

Sweet, sunny smiles and winning tones,
And tongue of flattery, too,
May freely speak and loudly own
Deep friendship felt for you;

But wily man has selfish ends
Which oft he seeks to gain
By loud professions to his friends,
Which trials will prove vain.
Then ever think, where fate may lead,
In sadness or in glee,
That all are not true friends indeed,
Who so profess to be.

Yet there are some in mercy given
To be to each a friend,
And for this precious gift of heaven,
Should grateful praise ascend;
Those who when weary cares betide:
And sorrow clouds thy sky,
Turn not away in scornful pride,
And coldly pass thee by;
But in the hour of direst need
Will stand in love by thee,
True friends will prove themselves indeed
More than they claim to be.

Then as thro' life thy footsteps rove,
'Neath clear or cloudy skies,
As richest blessings from above,
Thy faithful friends e'er prize;

With joy they'll make thy journey bright,
With flowers thy pathway strew,
And mark the long day's onward flight
With pleasures ever new;
For as rich gems from o'er the sea,
Or jewels past compare,
To human hearts must ever be
The friends who prove sincere.

IN MEMORIAM

CHAS. H. B. ROUSS, Died April 15, 1891.

Amid Mount Hebron's sacred shades
I stood with saddened, solemn heart,
Beside an honored mound from which
A throng of thoughts and memories start;
Within its quiet, still domain,
Sealed with death's signet, now doth lie
One whom I gladly called my friend,
In pleasant days fore'er gone by.

One year ago, when early spring
Did o'er our lovely valley pass
With re-awakening song and bloom,
We laid beneath up-springing grass
The manly form of one who soon
Had run the circuit of life's year,
And in his spring-time, erst so bright,
Hath withered 'neath death's frost fore'er.

It seems most sad and strange that one
For whom the kindly world did hold
Such store of gifts, should thus be called
So soon away ! But youth, nor gold,
Nor cultured mind, nor polished grace,
Nor fame, nor hope, nor love hath power
To shield from the destroyer's grasp
When comes death's all-triumphant hour.

It seemeth, too, a cruel thing
That death should from a father's side
Thus tear, as 'twere a strong right arm,
On which he leaned with trustful pride,
And shatter all the cheering hopes
That clustered 'round an eldest son—
Both child and friend—and who, he hoped,
Would hold the helm when he was gone.

Our poor, weak reason cannot show
For such sad scenes the unseen why,
Nor read in full the lessons meant
When dear ones thus are called to die;
Yet as no little sparrow falls
Unnoticed by the world's great King,
The calling of our loved ones hence
Some message to our souls must bring.

Amid Mount Hebron's sacred shades
Thou sleepest in thy peaceful tomb,
As on the changeful seasons pass,
With springtime light and wintry gloom;
And yet when all life's years are done,
Beyond the reach of grief and pain,
Dear friend, in happier scenes on high
'Twere joy to meet with thee again

ONE BY ONE,

One by one they have vanished away,
In the bloom of youth—in bright babyhood,
'Mid the duties and cares of life's later years—
They were called to pass o'er death's chilly
flood.

We cannot tell why, but God knoweth best,
So one by one He hath called them away.
From danger and toil to safety and rest,
From shadows and clouds to unending day;
From crosses that all earth's children must bear,
From pain, and perhaps from evil to come,
From sorrow, and sin, and every dark snare,
In mercy and love He calleth them home.

TO LILLIAN MAY,

Where gifted minds with cultured grace,
In pleasing words, sweet fancies trace,
And rich thought-wreaths entwine,
With pride and joy oft have I met,
In jeweled caskets choicely set,
True, earnest thoughts of thine.

Rich are the diamonds that gem
A monarch's royal diadem,
Or slumber in the seas;
But thoughts ennobling and refined,
Coined at the mind of thinking mind,
Are richer far than these.

Sweet is the balmy breath of spring,
Which the young violets coyly fling
To zephyrs strolling by;
But sweeter far are fancies bright,
That flit and scatter in their flight
Fair sunbeams o'er life's sky.

A single thought in true faith sown
May yield a harvest which alone
 Shall bless earth far and wide;
As e'en a single star's clear light,
Through what were else a rayless night,
 A wandering host may guide.

Then weave the fragrant garlands fair
Of sweet May Blossoms, rich and rare,
 And give them as our dower;
May fairest flowers of gladness be
Twined into life's sweet wreath for thee,
 Bright penciler of Woodbine Bower.

JOY TO THE BRIDE.

Joy to the bride, we wish to-night,
As 'mid fleeting hours,
Gay gladness twines its garlands bright
Of loveliest flowers;
Sweet, sunny peace and merry joy
Now their fingers link
To lift their cups without alloy
For every heart to drink,

Joy to the bride, in her youthfulness,
As, with heart elate,
And filled with hopeful tenderness,
She now seals her fate.
Oh! may the nuptial hour so fair,
With rare roses crowned,
Be but a type of joys that e'er
Shall her way surround,

Joy to the bride! May nothing mar
The radiant light
Of pleasure's gleaming, glowing star,
So cloudless to-night.
May future years all richly bless
These linked destinies,
And cheering hopes of happiness
Prove realities.

A YOUNG HERO.

The ice-king built, one winter night,
The placid river o'er,
A crystal bridge all smooth and bright,
That stretched from shore to shore,
Next morn upon the glistening sheen,
That shone so pure and fair,
A group of merry youths was seen,
In winter sports to share.

With glint of steel and laughter's ring
The graceful skaters go,
Skimming along like bird on wing,
Between white banks of snow;
How lightly beats each bounding heart,
From care and trouble free,
The while they ply the pleasing art
In youthful hope and glee.

But oh ! the treacherous ice gives way
 Beneath their flying feet,
And PAUL BEDILION, late so gay,
 A watery grave must meet.
He sinks beneath the rushing wave
 That rolls so coldly by;
For help—for some strong arm to save,
 How pitiful his cry !

Oh, is there no one near to save !
 To heed that piteous cry !
Is there no comrade, stout and brave,
 To help him ere he die !
Yes, there is one heroic heart !
 TOM MORGAN—brave and true—
In youth's bright bloom, will do his part,
 To save, or perish too.

He leaped into the dangerous place,
 With cheering word and shout,
Caught his young friend in close embrace
 And sought to bear him out.
But all in vain; the cruel wave
 Seized both with mighty power,
The lad and he who sought to save,
 Sank unto death that hour.

He knew that death might be at hand,
Yet dared to venture all;
To meet at duty's plain command
Whatever might befall.
What courage high his act did prove!
What pathos in his cry,
The last sad message sent in love:
"Tell the folks at home good-bye."

It seemeth passing sad and strange
To finite mortal eye,
So weak its sight, so short its range,
That these two thus should die.
But He who marks each sparrow's fall,
Hath plans beyond our ken,
And love and wisdom marketh all
His intercourse with men.

The passing-by of years alone
Do not make up true life;
These come alike to clod and stone;
'Tis earnest toil and strife,
High thoughts—kind words—brave deeds
that form
Existence worth our thought,
And long decades of sun and storm
For these are needed not.

A life of threescore years and ten
 Could not have brought to thee
A fitter time, dear Tom, than when
 Death came so suddenly;
For of the times at which men die,
 By far the best of all
Is when they heed a brother's cry,
 And with or for him fall.

This high, intrepid act of thine,
 From selfishness so free,
Doth as a star of glory shine,
 A talisman shall be;
To groping hearts a beacon light,
 To fainting ones give power,
To see, to dare, to do the right,
 In duty's testing hour.

Let sculptured marble tower aloft
 In honor of thy name!
Let poet's song in cadence soft
 Embalm thy worthy fame!
'Tis noble deeds like thine which give
 Our race a higher plane
Than wealth can buy, or those who live
 For self alone can gain.

Sleep on, in peace, heroic one !
Thou ne'er canst be forgot !
The lofty deed which thou hast done
From memory fadeth not.
While river runneth to the sea,
By valley, hill and grove,
Its murmurous waves shall sing of thee—
Thy deathless deed of love.

MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

This pleasant Sabbath eve I sat
Upon the old chair, soft and low,
On which my sainted mother rocked .
My infant form long years ago.

Faint memory cannot recall
A single feature of the face
Of her who clasped me in her arms,
In fond maternal love's embrace.

The cruel reaper called from earth
That loving mother years ago,
And took from me the dearest friend
That child or man can ever know.

Yet kind and faithful friends were left
To me, and from the sad, dark day
When mother died, her orphan child
Has shared their love and care away.

O, as I sat that Sabbath eve
Upon the chair she loved so well,
The spirit of that mother seemed
To linger 'round me like a spell.

Was it mere fancy that I felt
Her arm again about me press'd,
As when upon this chair she sat
And soothed her little one to rest—

That on my brow her soft kiss fell,
And that there to my ear should be
Soft singing near, as though it were
The cadence of a lullaby ?

Do not our loved ones, gone before,
As ministering spirits come
And hover o'er our earthly lives,
Blest guardians over heart and home !

I seemed to be a child again—
For all the intervening years
Were blotted out, and in her arms
I lay, unknowing toils and cares.

That pleasant Sabbath hour has gone,
In which I sat on mother's chair,
Yet life has caught a softer tone,
And heaven itself doth seem more near.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Let us pause on the threshold
Of the year that is new,
And with glance frank and bold
The past year review.

Great changes and many
Have come to each one;
O, can there be any
Who no changes have known !

Some friends we did greet
With joy at its birth,
We never shall meet
Again upon earth.

Their missions have ended,
And they are laid low;
O'er their bosoms have blended
The rain and the snow.

Some flowers that then
Our pathways did strew,
Shall never again
Their beauty renew.

'Though oft dark sorrows
Their shadows did fling,
We've found that the morrow
Joy's sunlight did bring.

Rich blessings have often
Been sent down in love,
Our hard hearts to soften,
And lead them above.

How oft we did fail
Our duty to do,
Let the flag of Right trail
In dust 'fore our view!

Let us deeply repent
The ill we have done,
And in days to be sent
The like strive to shun.

And through the brief span
Of the year that is new,
To God and to man
Our whole duty e'er do.

Let us give rest to the weary,
And succor the weak,
To the sad and the dreary
Words of comforting speak.

With strength, faith and hope
Let us go to our labor,
In love bear the cup
Of joy to our neighbor.

While time yet survives
Be faithful to duty,
And make of our lives
Sweet poems of beauty.

GARLANDS OF ROSES.

Garlands of roses unto thee
Upon this summer day I'd bring,
And with glad heart all joyously
The fragrant beauties o'er thee fling;
Fit ornaments indeed are they
Of one who surely is by far
Fairer, sweeter any day
Than e'en the choicest of them are.

Garlands of roses soon will fade,
Although now so fresh and fair,
But the dear record thou hast made
Upon my heart shall last fore'er;
Thy words and deeds of gentleness,
Through all earth's dark or shining hours
With sweetest joy my life shall bless,
And strew my path with fairest flowers.

ILDEWILE.

Fair and lovely as the flowers
Of the plain;
Too gentle for a world like ours,
Of care and pain;
With heart as full of joy and glee
Unknowing guile,
As merry birds or roses be,
Was Ildewile.

Like a strain of music rare,
Softly hushed,
Or a rose-bud sweet and fair,
Sadly crushed,
So earth's weak and slender ties
All were riven,
And she soared above the skies,
Home to heaven.

Bright angels with their harps of gold
 Bade her come,
Welcome to the Saviour's fold,
 Their blest home;
All earthly care and grief and pain
 Now are o'er,
In joy supreme she e'er shall reign
 Forevermore.

LOVE'S INVITATION.

The day-king has gone to repose in the west,
The song-birds have folded their pinions to rest.
The sunbeams are fading from land and from sea.
O, come to me, dear one, come now unto me.

It is the sweet hour when oft we have met,
Beneath the fair moon, with her bright coronet.
Her soft rays are gilding the flower-decked lea.
Then come to me, dear one, come now unto me.

The bright stars are coming to gem the blue
 skies;
Oh, would that thy coming would lighten my
 eyes !
My heart is so lonely, and yearning for thee.
Then come to me, dear one, come now unto me.

'Though friends are around me and smiles greet
still,
There's none like thee, dearest, my spirit can
thrill;
My heart is all thine, where'er thou dost be,
Then come to me dear one, come now unto me.

'Though fame may lay down her crown at thy
feet,
And beauty and honor thy coming may greet;
Yet none will e'er love thee or greet thee like me,
Then come to me, dear one, come now unto me.

The hours are all lonely and sad is the day
Since the light of thy smile has been taken away;
But oh! wert thou here, how happy I'd be!
Then come to me, dear one, come now unto me.

PASSING THE MILESTONES.

TO COL. CHAS. BROADWAY ROUSS, New York.

Another new milestone on life's earthly way,
Is reached by thy footsteps in honor to-day.

Thou hast passed the summit 'mid noontide's
 bright glow,
And now down the slope to the sunset doth go.

How much closer the milestones seem to find
 place,
As onward we travel in life's ceaseless race !

The sunshine and shadows of life's changeful
 sky
Have checkered thy path as the years have gone
 by.

From boyhood's glad home in fair Runnymede
 glade,
Which never from memory's true tablets shall
 fade—

Through war's fearful scenes of sad carnage and
blood,

Where Virginia's brave sons so gallantly stood—

From Shennondale cornfields, which ne'er were
designed

As arena befitting thy spirit and mind—

To the great city's marts—its fierce mental fray,
The finger of destiny pointed thy way.

Ambition there found fitting fields of delight,
And held glittering prizes up to thy sight.

Her prizes were won, and to-day thou dost stand
On the ladder's top round—known all o'er the
land.

But better than gold is the grateful regard
Of those thou hast led to success and reward.

As life's mile-stones are reached, may each of
them be
Still wreathed with new triumphs and honors
for thee;

And when all have been passed and the journey
is done,

Requiescat in pace 'neath the myrtle and stone.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

The day is done and eve doth don
Its dusky robes of darkness dim,
With muffled tread the night comes on
Like some drear spectre, old and grim;
The twilight shades about me fall
Upon the still and quiet earth,
Shrouding with a darkened pall
The house of woe, the halls of mirth;
Thus day by day time passes on,
Till death doth come and life is done.

When all my fleeting years have flown
Like this bright day away,
And all my mortal powers have gone
With the closing of life's day;
When this warm heart doth cease to beat,
And sinks to rest beneath the sod,

This deathless soul on pinions fleet
Doth rise to meet its God,
What record shall I leave behind,
To bless or curse my common kind ?

Shall the deeds that I have done,
While I tarried here below,
Be unto a single one
A source of help to be or do ?
Shall they nerve his heart with strength
To wage the war with flesh and sin,
And urge him on until at length
A glorious victory he shall win ?
Oh ! shall my "footprints in the sand"
E'er guide one to the better land ?

Or shall I idly pass along
The active marts of human life,
Faithless shun its busy throng,
And shirk my share of toil or strife ?
Shall my days go vainly by,
And see no worthy action done ?
Unused shall all my powers lie,
No battle fought, no victory won ?
And when life's fitful dream is o'er,
Die like a wave along the shore ?

Though but a speck on life's great sea—

A leaf before fate's driving blast—

Each may a curse or blessing be,

For each there is a destiny

To fill while life and strength shall last.

Oh ! Lord, through all earth's fateful hour

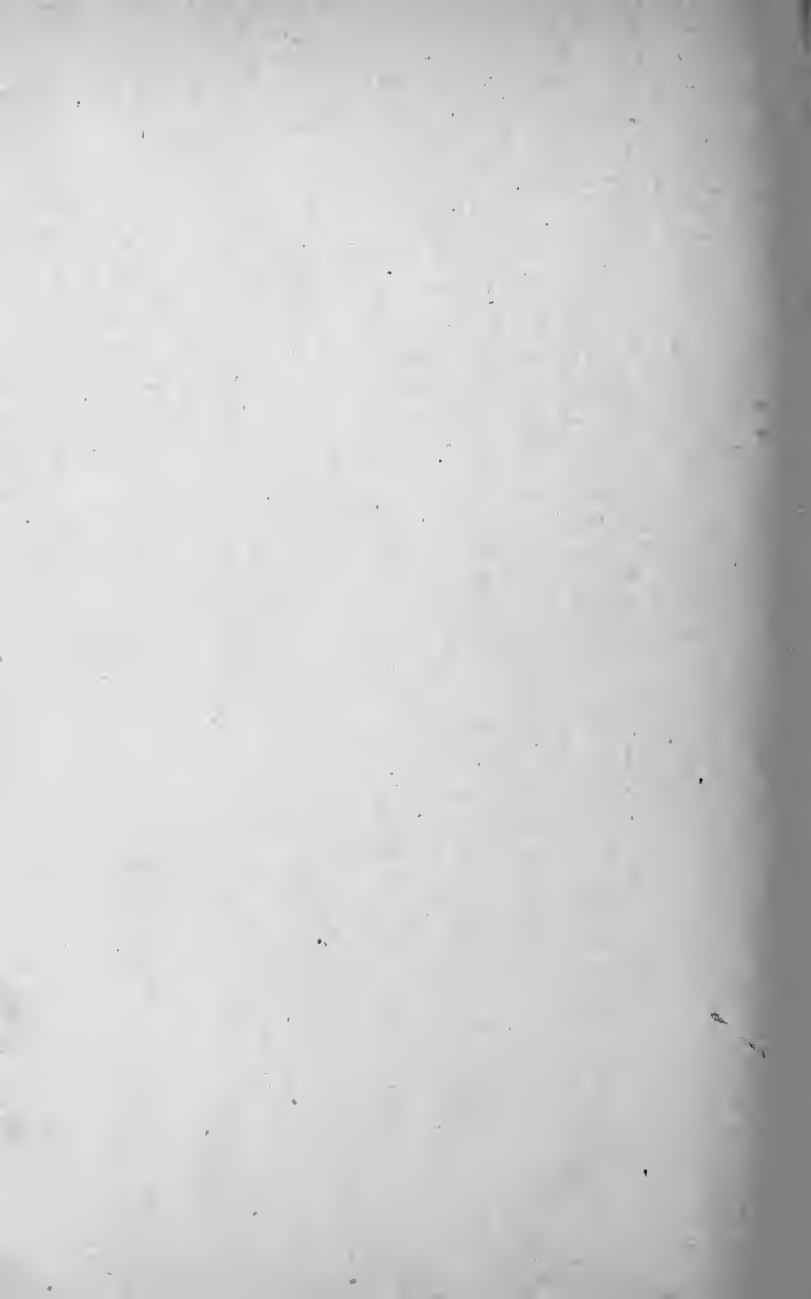
Guide thy poor, finite worm,

Aid him by thy love and power

His every duty to perform,

So that till he shall turn to dust

Faithful he may be to each trust.















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